LETTERS

SOMETHING FISHY

A correction regarding The Week That Was (September 14): Lionfish sting, not bite.

Marc Weiss
New York, N.Y.

RADICAL CHIC

I would never have imagined that reading a movie review could anger me as much as the review of *Running On Empty* ("Love on the Lam," September 14). It seems clear to me that the author, Louis Menand, runs on empty too.

Many of us of the '60s generation have not sold out our idealism. We do not "nurture an ambivalent emotion about that self." We still question authority. We are cognizant of the Waldheims, the Norths, the Reagans, as well as the Kings, the Kennedys, the Mandelas.

The clincher in elevating my blood pressure was what I interpreted as Mr. Menand's insinuation of the unlikelihood of the Lorna character. Not only are my 19-year-old's politics in line with my own, but many of her friends keep those "radical" views alive.

Here's hoping peace and love are never cliches.

Lily Diament
New York, N.Y.

LET'S MAKE A DEAL

In regard to the article on real estate for $1 million ("One Million Dollars," September 14), Jeff Wise seems to be spending too much on too little. A 22-unit occupied apartment building (all 1BRs) can go for as little as $700,000 anywhere in Manhattan, with a few obvious exceptions.

As for single apartments, Jeff [could] pick up ten 1BR duplexes in Murray Hill, all for under $1 million.

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THE NAKED TRUTH

I was glad to see Jan Stuart's honest review of *Oh! Calcutta!* ("Old Fogeys," September 14). When I saw it a few years ago (I and half of the audience left early), it amazed me that such a boring piece of garbage could still be running. I would have settled for at least a glimpse of gorgeous bodies instead of the self-conscious, very bland body types that were chosen. But not even that! Thankfully, my ticket was free; I'm sorry for those who paid any price.

Cecilia Niles
New York, N.Y.

DERANGED VISION

Don DeLillo in *Libra* may have tackled JFK's murder "less with the intention of bringing a solution to light . . ." ("Inventing Oswald," September 21), but the co-authors of the nonfiction novel *22 Fires* (Bantam Books) went all out with an open mind to solve the mystery.

Their conclusion, based on previously suppressed and overlooked data, was that Lee Harvey Oswald was shooting—intentionally—at the first lady and killed the president by mistake.

To hit the president, Oswald *had* to aim at Mrs. Kennedy, to JFK's left. Did he want to kill her? Yes! During the interrogations, Oswald said he knew nothing about the shooting of the president. He didn't know what had gone wrong.

By shooting Jackie—the apotheosis of the gender that was his tormentor—Oswald would be symbolically destroying his Jackie-adoring, estranged wife, who had been "driving him crazy." Killing Marina would not confer upon Oswald the immortality he was seeking. Marina, on learning that shots had been fired at the presidential motorcade from Oswald's place of work, asked immediately (according to her autobiography), "Is Jackie all right?"

Believing the victim of a murder is perforce to have been the target is a reflection of what psychologists call "set theory." In his deranged vision, Oswald must have seen the chance at one stroke to avenge both his personal and the collective suffering of male-kind, and give the world proof of his manhood. Oswald was a longtime woman-hater.

Once one realizes the "incipient schizophrenic" was not shooting at the president (whom he admired) and that the assassination was a horrendous mistake, everything falls into place.

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